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#### THINKING.

AWAY up on the stout yard of the ship's mast he sits; and I know by the looks of his face that he is thinking, thinking. His clear blue eyes have a far-away look. I wonder what he is thinking about.

Some of you wonder why he should go up to such a queer place to do his thinking. If you were there, you would be thinking how you could hold on in such a giddy seat, or how quickly you could get down to the firm land. Not so with him. He is a sailor-boy; and although he has a pretty hard life, yet he loves to climb the masts, run out on the spars, and swing himself from the ropes. The ship is his home. He feels as safe where you see him as you

do in the coziest corner of your house. I don't know how a sailor-boy could be better alone than by climbing up, up, like a little squirrel, from one yard to another, till the smooth sea seems far below him, and he can hardly hear the noisy laugh of his comrades on the deck.

Now, suppose you and I, children, do a little thinking, sitting in our easy-chairs by a warm fire, if God gives us these blessings. Let us think a little about the new year.

God has been good in bringing us to another year. Let our first thought, then, be one of *thankfulness to God*. Blessed be his name for giving us life and health and homes, and parents and friends and playmates and teachers! But most of all we will thank

him for Jesus Christ, our Saviour, who died for us that we might have all these blessings, and the great blessing of heaven at last.

This makes us think of another thing. We ought to *love and serve God* all through this year. This is not always easy for us; but it is always best. What say you? Shall we try? But how can we serve God? By *obeying him*; by doing every thing we do on *purpose to please him*. When he says in the Bible, "Honor thy father and thy mother," we must obey him; when he tells us to "love one another," we must obey; when he commands us to pray, we must obey; and so on through all the commandments of God. And we must *love to obey*.

Ah! how shall we be made strong enough to do this? We must pray God to help us; and all for the sake of the blessed, dear Saviour, who was once a child, and who, when a man, died on the cross, and who now lives on high to help us to be saved.

We have been thinking these two thoughts of thankfulness and obedience. Now let us act them out all this year. Then, if God takes us to himself during the year, we shall be thankful and obedient before him in heaven for ever.

Uncle Ed.

#### WILLIE'S MOTTO.

"Stop and think!" is Willie's motto;  
And a precious one it is:  
If you would be good and happy,  
Heed this golden rule of his:  
It will save from Sin's dark brink,  
Willie's motto, "Stop and think!"

When his hand is raised in anger,  
And you'd think the blow must fall,  
Look! the shadows qu'ckly vanish;  
Peace is brooding over all.  
Did your heart in terror sink?  
Ah! dear Willie "stopped to think."

When a hasty word he'd utter  
While dark thoughts his bosom fill,  
Soon you'll see the sunshine glowing  
On the face of darling Will:  
In Love's chain he'll break no link;  
For our Willie "stops to think."

When he'd do a wicked action,  
Or repeat an angry word,  
Then within his better nature  
All the depths of love are stirred.  
Would you from this fountain drink?  
Then, dear children, "stop and think!"

When temptations hedge your pathway,  
And you scarce can see the way,  
"Stop and think" before you venture,  
Lest you b indly go astray.  
It will save from Sin's dark brink,  
Willie's motto, "Stop and think!"

Dewdrop.

"In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul." — Ps. xciv. 19.



## WHAT RABBIE TAUGHT HIS LITTLE MASTER.

BY MRS. C. A. HALBERT.

"Mamma, mamma! come right away, or he'll kill Rabbie, sure's you live!" And excited little Marion jerked her mother's elbow violently.

"Well, well, well!" said Mrs. Felton, "who's going to kill Rabbie?"

"Oh, do come quick! he's most deaded now!" And, thus entreated, mamma laid down her work, and went to the garden-door, toward which her skirts were being pulled impatiently.



There, sure enough, lay poor dog Rabbie cowering on the ground, with his pretty ears folded back very close, and shrinking, quivering, under the blows that were raining down on his tender body. Over him stood Master George with a stout, lithe sapling which he had cut from the weeping-willow-tree, whipping and kicking the poor creature by turns, and shouting, "G'lang, g'lang, you fool!" as well as as he could between the gusts of angry sobs. So red and swollen was his face with passion, that I don't think Mamma Felton would have known her own little boy had it not been for the bright plaid suit he wore.

Don't you wonder what the doggie let himself be so abused for? and why he didn't jump up, and scamper away on his own spry legs? Well, he couldn't, because he was fastened by stout leather traces to a wagon piled full of stones, and much too heavy for him to draw. But, as the load did not look very large, George chose to insist that he could draw it as well as not, if he wasn't "just as lazy as any thing."

"Georgie!" It was just one word; but it came so quietly, so sorrowfully, that the red, passionate face fell as quickly as if it had been shot. "You may unharness Rabbie, and give him a bone from the plate on the woodshed-shelf; then come round to the side-piazza."

George dropped his whip, and unbuckled the straps silently, looking very guilty and shamefaced. That voice, so firm, yet gentle, had quenched his red-hot anger as the hissing iron is quenched when you drop it in cold water.

It was beautiful, yet pitiful, to see how a few kind words and a pat or two restored Rabbie's spirits; and how the long-suffering, much-loving creature followed his master, wagging his tail as if he had never been abused in his life.

By the time George reached the piazza, his mother was there in her garden-hat, with knitting and camp-stool in hand.

"What work did your father leave for you to do to-day?" said she pleasantly.

"To clean the lawn, and rake it all over, from the tulip-bed down to the cedar-hedge," replied George promptly, glad to find mother wasn't intending to make any comments on his late behavior.

"Very well: I'll just sit here under the cherry-trees while you're doing it."

"Oh, that'll be jolly! You'll see I shall do it ever so much better than Patrick."

"I see you and Rabbie have made a great deal of litter with your sticks and stones: so you may get the big hand-cart to carry them off in."

"Oh! may I? Come, Marian: that'll be splendid!" And the two children soon dragged the gardener's cart from its shed, and bowled along over the lawn in great style; Rabbie galloping ahead, and barking with all his might. Marian said the morning was so nice, and she felt so summery, she "just must give one good squeal."

The garden-rakes were brought out, and the children set to work in high glee. They proceeded with great diligence for several minutes, raking together the dead grass that had lain since the previous autumn, and unprisoning the fresh, crisp blades of tenderest green, that were so glad to toss off their dull blankets, and get a good look at the April sun.

"Let's pretend we are haying, and get all this stuff into hay-cocks," said Marian.

"Hay-cocks!" sniffed George contemptuously. "That's as much as girls know! They're hay-doodles: that's what Uncle Zeik used to call them; and I guess he knows. I guess we made as many as forty thousand of them when I was there last haying."

Marian listened with awe to this lofty statement, quite abashed by her brother's large experience.

Presently the lawn was dotted all over with little conical heaps of rubbish, consisting of fallen boughs, sticks, stones, dried leaves, and numerous old shoes and bones which the dog had deposited under the clumps of shrubbery till such time as he should find leisure to inspect them.

Then began the loading. At first, they dragged the cart from heap to heap; but, as it got heavier, it cut through the tender turf, and they were obliged to carry in arms and aprons. George had to mount a cheese-box to put on the last handful, and round it off like a load of hay.

"There, mamma! haven't we got the lawn spick-and-span clean?" demanded the children.

"Seems to me you've forgotten something," said she, looking out from her white canopy of blossoming cherries.

"What? what?"

"That ugly pile of bricks and stones under the big elm."

"Ho! that's my Lincoln monument, that I built last fall," said George; but, as mamma demurred to having ancient ruins among her modern shrubberies, the stones were carried one by one, and added to the load.

"Now," said she, laying down her knitting-work, "I'm going to be the driver; George shall be the horse; and Marian may ride, if she chooses. We'll trot our load down to the compost-heap in great style."

"Oh, jolly!" cried George, tossing up his cap. "Come, Marian, jump right on! You're such a little whiffet of a thing, you won't make a mite of difference with the heft."

"No, sir, I thank you, Mr. George; I'm not a whiffet of a thing: so there! You wasn't but a head taller last New Year's; and I guess I've grown as much since." And the wee lady straightened herself with quite a Cleopatra air. So it was settled that her Royal Highness might walk, if she preferred; and nag George ambled into his place behind the cross-bar of the cart.

"Get up, my fine fellow!" cried the driver.

Pony planted himself very firmly, braced his shoulders against the beam, and pushed with all his

might; but the great wheels, having cut through the thin turf, had settled into a soft, lazy cushion of mud, and were in no mood to bestir themselves.

Lustily the little nag pulled and tugged till great veins swelled out on his forehead, and the hot blood rushed into his cheeks. Big drops of sweat began to trickle down; but it was evident that the red cart with a load of hay, and a load of wood, and Lincoln's monument, pressing on his chest, had balked!

Somehow the driver behind couldn't be brought to comprehend this state of things. She kept crying out, "Get up, get up, old fellow!" and whacking away with a big stick on the sides and thills of the cart; till finally, getting excited, the blows began to fall alarmingly near pony's head, and several tingled on his shoulders. The more he tugged, the more she shouted. At last he stopped, and turned round in amazement and sheer desperation, just as the driver vociferated, "G'lang, g'lang, old fool!"

Then it all came to him in a flash. His mother was treating him just as he had treated poor Rabbie, punishing him in his own way! And there was the splendid old fellow, that very minute, in a great flurry, barking and running about, wanting to pounce on somebody because Georgie was in trouble, if only he could make out who or what was to blame.

So, dropping the neap that couldn't or wouldn't budge an inch, George fell on his knees, and threw his arms round his little playfellow, who, on his part, licked his master's face and hands, and wagged his tail very hard. Thus matters were settled between them, and no words about it. Still, I am not clear that the dear old pet ever got it through his foolish brain what that hugging was for, or that his little master wanted to ask his forgiveness.

That night, as George sat warming his toes preparatory to going to bed, he said, "Mamma, I can't understand something. I don't see why I haven't a right to do just what I'm a mind to with Rabbie. Of course, I an't going to; because we've made up, and he's such a good doggie! But he is mine: Uncle George gave him to me for my name; and so I own him."

"Yes, my boy; but wasn't he God's dog before he was yours? Didn't he make him? doesn't he keep him alive? and can he not take him away from you whenever he chooses? You own Rabbie very much as baby Grace there owns that picture she is holding. If I saw her tearing it up, I should take it away, though Cousin Susan gave it to her."



"Yes'm. But there's my rocking-horse: you let me whip that as much as I'm a mind to. Don't I bang it, though?"



"Well, did you ever see your rocking-horse wince and crouch and whine under your blows as Rabbie did this morning? When you do, I advise you to stop. The truth is, many children have very wrong notions about owning their pets. They are theirs to play with, love, and cherish, not to hurt and abuse.

"Only the other day, I heard about a little boy who had a kitten,—a pretty, innocent creature. Well, he took it into his cruel head to have some fun, as he called it. So he dug a hole just deep enough to hold the kitten's body; then he put it in, and packed the earth very tightly about it, so that it could not get out, leaving its head exposed. Then he stood off at a little distance, with a pile of stones beside him, took aim, and stoned the poor creature to death. When asked about it, the little monster said it was his kitten, and he could do as he chose with it. I expect, in the great day, when the books are opened, that boy will find written against his name, 'One little kitten stoned to death;' and I am afraid, if he goes on as he has begun, there will be blacker records. Perhaps it will read like this: 'Horribly whipped a poor apprentice-boy, or starved his mother in a garret, or murdered a man!'"

"Was it a little boy that you was acquainted with?" asked George, shuddering.

"Not very much."

"Oh!" (with a sigh of relief) "I'm so glad I didn't kill Rabbie this morning! If I had, do you think I should whip little 'prentice-boys to death, and starve my mother in a garret? 'Cause — 'cause" (and here Georgie summoned himself up to make a clean breast of it) — "I've killed some little, teenty flies, and some grasshoppers. And I guess I killed a toad once. I put it in a hole, and poured water over it; and then I run away: but I guess it drowned."

Mamma Felton comforted her little boy with the hope that his past offenses would not be remembered against him, since they came from thoughtlessness rather than deliberate cruelty; but she taught him, that, in future, he must be very tender of any life, however feeble or mean, that God had thought it worth while to make.

George sat musing several seconds, and then broke out, "Anyway, I don't b'lieve the Lord likes Bridget a bit; for she killed ever and ever so many flies last fall in a tumbler of molasses-and-water! I'd go right out and talk to her about it if I hadn't got my stockings and shoes off."

Then it was explained that beasts, birds, and insects multiply so fast, that they would soon cease to be servants to man, as God intended, but become his masters,—that they would, in fact, drive him from the face of the earth,—were not some way found to keep them in check; how one species preys on another; and, if this be not sufficient, we are permitted to thin them out by killing some, but never in wanton cruelty.

Then the thinking-cap went on again.

"Well, well! Patrick hadn't a right to kill my little bossy last week. He wasn't a pest: he was just the nicest, cunningest fellow that ever was. I told Patrick he was a hateful, cruel man; but he just laughed, and said he didn't know any little boy that could eat so much veal pot-pie as I could."

Mamma explained again that God had given us permission to kill animals for food; and she opened the big Bible, and read this passage in Genesis: "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things." But," she added, "this does not make it right to kill them brutally, even for food. They must be dispatched as quickly and painlessly as possible."

She then told him how some heathen people are far more tender of animal life than even Christian nations. She described the Banyan Hospital in India, where poor suffering brutes who have broken legs and festering wounds are taken and nursed gently as human brothers.

By this time, George's toes were well toasted; and, after repeating his prayers, he went to bed.

The next morning, there was a great commotion in Mrs. Felton's back-yard. The *débris* of Lincoln's monument was fished out of the compost-heap, and dragged to a spreading apple-tree; and there a jagged, straggling piece of masonry was soon going up.

On inquiry, this was found to be a "banner hospital" for the relief of orphan birdlings, lame grasshoppers, and distressed frogs, toads, and small creatures generally. With sparkling eyes, Marian proclaimed that George was going to be the doctor, and she the nurse, of the establishment.

Mamma laughed heartily at the odd conceit; but she did hope, that, under this childish play, a real feeling of tenderness had been awakened toward all suffering and helpless creatures.

Egypt, and brought all the way, over sea and land, to Paris, without being broken. On the lower part of the column, or the pedestal as it is called, on which the red pillar rests, are pictures of the machinery by which it was removed, and the story of the way in which it was done. But we did not understand it much better then; only that it cost a great deal of money, and much time and labor.

Then we would stand still at the foot of this column, and look, first one way, and then the other, at the magnificent objects around us. Up the avenue, in one direction, we saw in the distance the grand Palace of the Tuileries, where the kings and queens of France had lived; and where then the emperor Louis Napoleon, and the beautiful Eugénie his wife, resided. In the opposite line, we looked straight up the wide and delightful avenue called the Champs-Élysées, always thronged with people and carriages, yet never crowded, because it was so broad.

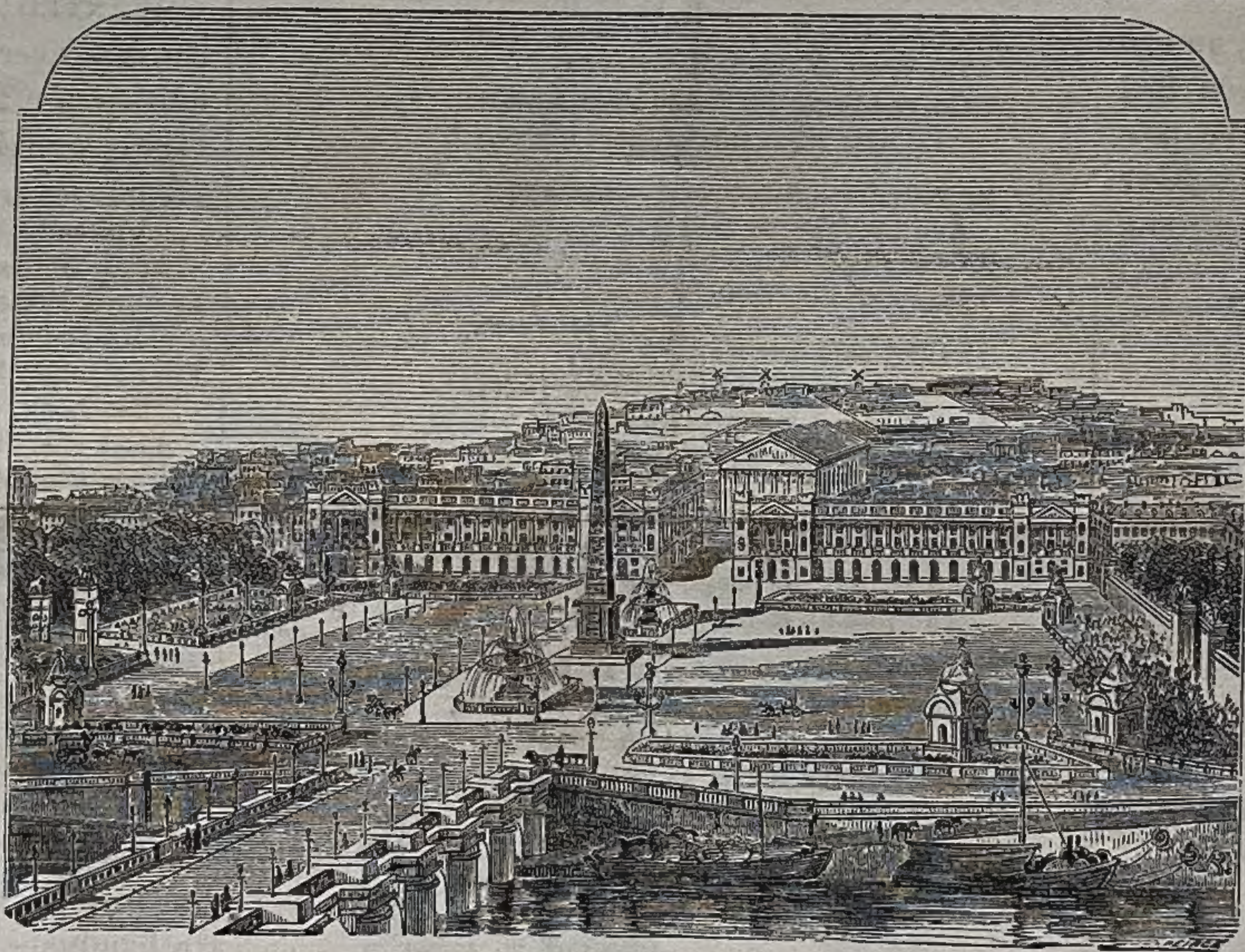
Sometimes we would walk around this Place de la Concorde, which was in the shape of an octagon,—an eight-sided figure,—and examine the grand statues at every entrance, and in various places within and around it. Some were standing figures, and some on horseback, or equestrian figures, and all very large and handsome. They were made to represent the kings and chief men of France.

Sometimes we would halt by that large fountain you see in the picture, and feel the cool atmosphere caused by the falling water, and watch the people come and go. It was very pleasant to see the nurses with their lovely little children, the neat peasant-women in their cotton bonnets like night-caps, the gentlemen and ladies, the boys and girls, and the foreign people in their strange, bright attire. For all sorts of people live in Paris, and all classes are allowed to walk in their grand squares. And you never see any poor, dirty, ragged people about; for beggars are not allowed to go about there, except on one day of the year. So that, as you stand in this Place, and watch the people, it is like a moving picture, with nothing in it to offend the eye.

But, if we were in Paris to-day, things would seem very different. Now France is at war with Prussia; the emperor is a prisoner; the lovely Eugénie has had to fly from the palace, and is living with her little boy, an exile, in England. The foreigners have mostly left the city; the peasants can not come and go as they have been used to do; and every man within the walls has become a soldier. The beautiful squares are now used for drilling soldiers and reviewing troops; the shops are closed early in the evening; and the gayety and life of the city are stilled. War makes sad changes. The forts around Paris are all filled with soldiers and cannon to prevent the Prussians from coming in; and, outside these, the Prussian soldiers are encamped, watching their opportunity to destroy these forts, and to enter the grand city of France in triumph. You have heard that Paris was besieged; and this is what it means.

If you were there to-day, you would not be able to write letters to your friends; for they have to send their letters now in balloons through the air, and of course they can not send any but those on the most necessary business. And you could not telegraph to them if you were sick; for the telegraphs are all used by the government. And, by and by, you might find yourself short of food and clothing; or, some day, a bomb-shell from the Prussians might whiz over your head, and drop into your house, and burst, and break every thing in pieces. You would live in constant fear and anxiety. War is indeed a sad thing. We hope it may soon be over.

We hope all wars will cease over the whole earth,



THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

BY MRS. H. E. BROWN.

Every city is adorned with parks and public squares. Boston has its Common, and New York its Union and Central Parks, and a great many others, small and large, which I will not stop to mention. In Paris, the capital city of France, there are many such also. The Place de la Concorde, which you see in the picture, is one of these, and one of the most famous and beautiful.

It is not a park, as you can see; for it has no trees in it. It is paved throughout, and has fountains, monuments, and statues, in profusion, to adorn it.

Some years ago, I was in Paris with one of my little girls, who was then about eleven years old. We used to walk together very often through this lovely square, and never tired of it; for it was a very beautiful spot.

The tall column which you see about in the center was one of its greatest wonders. It is made of red stone, which was hewn and carved all over with curious letters, more than three thousand years ago, in Egypt. We used to stand at the foot of this great pillar, and look up at the high shaft, and pore over the strange letters, or hieroglyphics, which meant something ages ago to the little Egyptian children, but meant nothing at all to us. And we often wondered how this tall, heavy column was ever cut, and raised to its place; and, more than all, how it was ever taken down from its first position in



